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AN
ORATION,

DELIVERED IN THE INDEPENDENT, OR CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CHARLESTON,

BEFORE THE

STATE RIGHTS & FREE TRADE PARTY,

The State Society of Cincinnati,

THE REVOLUTION SOCIETY,

THE '76 ASSOCIATION,

AND

THE STATE VOLUNTEERS,

ON THE 4TH OF JULY,

1833,

BEING THE 57TH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY HENRY L. PINCKNEY.

Published by Request.

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CHARLESTON, July 5, 1833.

Dear Sir,—In accordance with a resolution conjointly adopted by the Cincinnati Society, the '76 Association, and the American Revolution Society, we have been appointed to convey to you their thanks for your able, eloquent and patriotic Oration, on the 4th of July, and to request a copy for publication.

While tendering to you, Sir, as individuals, our cordial concurrence in the foregoing sentiments, we solicit leave to add our conviction that the dissemination of your manly, spirit-stirring and masterly address will eminently promote the great ends of civil liberty, and subserve the high cause of constitutional principles.

In the pleasing assurance that this appeal to your State Rights attachments will find a ready response in your bosom, and with the hope that it may induce an early acquiescence in our wishes,

We have the honour to be,

Very respectfully, your ob't. serv'ts.

MYER M. COHEN,	} On behalf
Ch'rm'n. Com. '76 Asso.	
BARNARD ELLIOTT,	
Ch'rm'n. Com. Cin. Soc.	} of the
C. R. HOLMES,	
Ch'rm'n. Com. Rev. Soc.	} Committees

TO HENRY L. PINCKNEY, Esq.

AN ORATION.



FELLOW-CITIZENS!

THE event we are assembled to commemorate, at all times interesting in itself, is rendered peculiarly so upon the present occasion, from the important circumstances which have recently occurred. But a few months ago, it was extremely problematical whether South-Carolina would have continued to this day a member of the Union, or whether we should have again convened, as we now do, to celebrate the independence, and to unite in the rejoicings, of our sister States. But a little while since, and our liberty, trampled and crushed by tyranny, was struggling for its life against the gigantic power of the government. But a little while since, the Federal Constitution, the pride of our fathers, and the only hope of Southern security and peace, lay low and bleeding at a tyrant's feet. But a little while since, and the American Confederacy, like a noble fabric shaken by a tempest, rocked on its foundation, threatening every moment to dissolve, and to spread far and wide the melancholy memorials of its former grandeur and renown. But the crisis has passed, and the political horizon is again serene. The storm that agitated, has purified, the atmosphere:

the waves that overran, have fructified, the soil. Liberty has emerged from the ordeal, not only uninjured, but strengthened and refined. South-Carolina has not only gallantly sustained the shock, but restored and confirmed the Constitution and the Union. Yes, my friends, the jarring elements are hushed—the foe has disappeared—the gates of Janus are closed—the Halcyon broods upon the waters—and as we meet in peace and in victory, so we can meet with honour and with pleasure, not only as Carolinians but Americans, to celebrate our Eleutheria—our festival of freedom!

But why is it that a day, so peculiarly dedicated to our ancestors, and endeared by the remembrance of their toils and triumphs, should have been made an occasion, in this community, of political contention and party strife? Why is it that on this political sabbath, the people of this city, descended, as they are, from the same illustrious source, and enjoying, as they do, the same glorious inheritance, no longer unite as brothers around the tombs of their fathers, nor offer fraternal and harmonious oblations upon the common altar of their common country? Is this unhappy division imputable to us? Did we denounce our brethren as unworthy of political communion with us? Or is it, as they kindly intimated by their conduct, that the purity of their patriotism would be sullied by continued confraternity with anarchists and rebels? What say you, Whigs? Do we indeed deserve the stigmas that have been cast upon us? Is our escutcheon really tarnished by a stain? Have we abandoned the principles of our fathers, or proved undeserving the proud legacy they bequeathed us? Have we forgotten the price at which they acquired our freedom, or shown ourselves unable to appreciate or unwilling to maintain it? Is there a man in this assembly who, calling himself a Whig, and boasting of the Whig blood which circles in his veins, yet knows in his heart that he has imbibed the doctrines and pursued the conduct of the Tories? Is there an individual

here, who, calling himself a State Rights man, knows in his heart that, like another Cypsilus, he advised implicit submission to federal usurpation, and would, if he could, have laid Carolina at its footstool? Or is there a single man amongst us, who, whilst pretending to admire the principles of the Revolution, knows in his heart that he not only approves the new-fangled doctrines of the President, but that he justifies and supports that Bloody Bill, of which the great objects are to make the federal Executive a despot, and the people of Carolina serfs and vassals? No! fellow-citizens—such are not the principles of the State Rights party. We have not forgotten the precepts, or dimmed the glory, of our fathers. We have not deserted the standard, or disgraced the cause, of freedom. We come not here to kneel to power, but to resist oppression. We come not here to clank our chains in honour of the tyrant who imposed them, but to defy his power, and break his sceptre into atoms. Strike your harps, then, ye Whigs of Carolina, and sing the praises of Liberty! Raise your voices, play upon a loud toned instrument, shout with a shout of triumph, and sing the glories of the Revolution! Who more worthy to celebrate the deeds of the Whigs of '76, than the Whigs of '32? Who more worthy to call WASHINGTON their father, than those who approve his conduct by imitating his example? Who more worthy to eulogize JEFFERSON, than those who believe with him that "Nullification is the rightful remedy," and who, acting as he did in '98, have added fresh lustre to his fame by another signal triumph of his principles? Who more worthy to extol the character of MOULTRIE, than those who have fought and conquered under his own Palmetto, or to laud the services of SUMTER, than those whose cause he consecrated with his dying breath? Who more worthy, in short, to speak of Carolina, than those who have plucked her drowning honour from the deep, or of all that is precious, and endearing, and import-

ant in "Liberty, the Constitution, and the Union," than those who have nobly defended and preserved them all?

As none then have a better right to celebrate this day than those who have made it doubly a day of freedom, permit me to congratulate the Whig party of the State, upon the decisive and brilliant success which has attended their efforts against federal oppression. It is true, that in speaking of this great civil revolution—this second declaration of Carolina's independence—we have no actual conflicts to enumerate, nor victorious warriors to eulogize. We have no field to which we can point as our Thermopylae, no Marathon strewn with the bodies of the slain. But if we have no military glory to proclaim, we have no military disaster to record. If we have no warrior to crown, we have no patriot to mourn. If we have no Miltiades to honour, we have no Leonidas to weep: if no Camillus has repulsed the foe, no Brennus has had possession of our capitol—if no Decius has obtained a victory, no Decii have fallen self-devoted for their country: and if there be no spot on which the myrmidons of tyranny have found their graves, we can at least say that our *Brutus* was not defeated at Phillippi. And we rejoice that it is so. Every true Whig rejoices that the wreath of Carolina is unmingled with cypress and unstained with blood. It is their pride that in saving their liberty, as they have done, they have lost no friend or brother of their own, nor made a widow or an orphan in any other section of the Union. They thirsted for no vengeance—they entertained no malice. They coveted no triumphal processions, followed by captives and adorned with spoils: nor is there a Whig heart here, however ardent and devoted—however prepared, like Cocles, to withstand the foe, or like Curtius, to plunge into the breach, whenever Carolina may demand it—who is not much more gratified that no American brother has fallen by his hand, than he would have been to have received public honours and rewards, such

as Aristomenes thrice received, for a hundred of his enemies slain in battle. It is upon this issue then—as peaceful and bloodless as it is honourable and decisive—that I now congratulate the party—And whilst upon this grateful theme, permit me to felicitate you, also, fair daughters of Carolina, upon this happy termination of the contest. Oh who can behold you, like the decorated pillars of a temple, constituting equally the strength and the beauty of the State Rights cause, and not glow with emotions of the most heart felt gratitude? How often, in the midst of our trials, have we been cheered by your smiles, and consoled and animated by your sympathy? How often have we felt that whilst your approbation stamped the seal of justice on our efforts, it also inspired us with the firmest assurance of success? Who could doubt the purity or the final triumph of a cause, encouraged by your sanction, and hallowed by your prayers? Have we not then abundant reason both for pride and gratitude? Was it not you who gave us our Palmetto banner? Was it not you who bade us follow it, wherever it might lead, in the prosecution of our rights, and in the path of our duty? Was it not you who assured us that it *would* lead to victory; and has it not done so? Is there a heart amongst you that is not alive to the honour and devoted to the welfare of South-Carolina? Dare slander itself affirm that you did not feel the wrongs, and suffer the indignities, inflicted on your country? Dare calumny say that whilst the foe was in our waters, and the conflict for freedom momentarily expected to commence, you insulted your own native State, not only by lauding the gallantry and beauty of a hostile fleet, but even by offering public homage and adulation to her enemies? No. Far different were your feelings: far different your conduct. Like the illustrious matrons of the Revolution, your country's enemies were yours, and you paid no honour but to the friends of freedom. Like them, you gloried in your attachment to Carolina, and the name of “rebel ladies” had no fears for you.

Who does not perceive in every face, suffused as it may be with the blush of modesty, that exalted spirit which prompted one of your noble mothers to furnish the implements for the destruction of her dwelling? Who does not perceive in every bosom the heroic devotion of those Polish matrons, who not only offered up their properties, but their most precious ornaments and sacred relics, on the altar of their country? Who does not behold amongst you many an Androclea and Alcyda, willing to make any sacrifice which the welfare of Carolina may require; many a Spartan dame, who, like the highminded Archidamia, would have refused to have left the city, had it been made the theatre of actual invasion? Who does not know, in short, that you were ready and prepared to do, all that female delicacy would permit, all that female patriotism could suggest—to soothe the pains of the wounded—to minister to the comfort of the dying—to animate the living to renewed exertions—and that thus, in the very spirit of the Roman daughter, you nobly aided and sustained your parent Carolina, even when most she needed the affection of all her children, and when, without such aid, the cause of freedom might have drooped and died? To you, then, this must be a day of pure unmingled pleasure. You behold your countrymen—not doomed, like the unhappy Poles, to some American Siberia—not driven to rocks and caves, like the poor exterminated Greeks—but enjoying the laurels of a peaceful triumph. If, then, you place no garland on a conqueror's brow, you have at least no son or brother to lament: if there be no Ajax or Achilles claiming the honour of a wreath, so there is no Andromache amongst you mourning for her Hector, no wretched Hecuba inconsolable for her offspring. And this is the crowning glory of our victory—that South-Carolina has conquered, not by the force of war, but through the irresistible power of her principles, and the undeniable justice of her cause. Her shield was, the CONSTITUTION: her arms, the doctrines of JEFFERSON: her

strength, the invulnerable panoply of truth. With these she fought, with these she has regained her rights. Yes: this is the character and the glory of the State Rights cause: and, for your generous attachment to this sacred cause; for the noble and elevated spirit you have displayed; for all that you did, and all that we know you would have done and suffered for our beloved and injured Carolina, I now tender you the profound respect and cordial gratitude of the Whig party of the State!

In reviewing our contest with the federal government, it is impossible not to perceive a remarkable coincidence, as regards the principle contended for, (the principle of free trade) between it and all the great epochs of American History. The discovery of America itself was owing to this principle; it being a well known historical fact, that the Venetian monopoly of the India trade induced that general and prevailing spirit of maritime discovery, which, whilst it gave to Gama the honor of opening the desired communication with the Indies, enabled Columbus to "introduce the old world to an acquaintance with the new." It is equally notorious and undeniable, that the American Revolution originated in British monopoly and restriction—that the federal constitution was principally formed for the protection and promotion of the common commerce of the States—and that our second war with Britain, like its great predecessor, was a war for commerce. Who then can reflect upon this contest, and not feel deeply impressed with the importance and elevation of a cause, which is thus identified in principle and purpose with the most illustrious events in the history of our country?

But, of all those events, it is most strikingly analogous to our Revolutionary War. What argument was then urged in favor of Great-Britain, that has not since been employed to rivet the chain of federal usurpation? What stand was taken, or doctrine advocated, by the Whigs of '76, that has not been assumed and maintained by the present

Whig party of the South? What act was passed or claim of supremacy asserted by the mother country over the colonies, that has not been imitated and exceeded by the federal government in relation to the Southern States?—The resemblance indeed is so singularly obvious and perfect, that history, when it records the oppressions of the federal government on the Southern States, and the flimsy tissue of sophistical cant by which they have been sustained, will but substantially repeat the causes in which the Revolution had its origin, and the miserable pleas and pretexts by which British tyranny was justified both in England and America. Oh little did our fathers think that such an analogy as this would ever have existed in the free republics of America! Little did they think, that those who struck so gloriously for freedom at Bennington and Bunker, would so soon have raised their arms for the political enslavement of the South, or that Massachusetts, whilst she was erecting a monument to the memory of WARREN, would have woven a chain for the countrymen of RUTLEDGE! Little did they dream, when South-Carolina declared her independence of Great-Britain, that she would so soon have been claimed as a colony by the Northern States, or, when she broke the sceptre of a British King, that she would so soon have been admonished that she only lives and moves at the royal mercy of a federal Executive. In one word, little did they imagine that in less than half a century, the same sun which saw them contending, not only for their own, but for the common freedom of all the colonies, would have beheld their children defending Carolina, not against British, but American invasion; not against foreign, but domestic subjugation! Perhaps, could they have anticipated what we have realized—could they have foreseen that British tyranny, bad as it was, would only have been supplanted by federal oppression infinitely worse—that the Boston Port Bill would so soon have been followed by the Charleston,—and that whilst they were profusely expending their blood and treasure to relieve

Massachusetts from the former, she would so soon have united with other States in subjecting Carolina to the latter—they might have hesitated, if not to make common cause against England, at least to enter into the confederacy, or to place themselves and their posterity under the domination of a government much more interested to oppress, and therefore much more oppressive in its action. But, ungifted with prescience, they could not penetrate futurity: conscious of their own purity and patriotism, they reposed unlimited confidence in the power and efficacy of a written Constitution; and so thoroughly, indeed, did they rely upon the honor and fidelity of their Northern allies for the faithful observance of the compact, that he who opposed the Union, was almost regarded as an enemy to Carolina, and even the warnings of the sagacious LOWNDES, though they have been as literally verified as the predictions of Cassandra, were still treated, like hers, as the idle visions of fatuity.

But why is it that this important change has taken place in the relations of the States, and that this system of oppression has been practised on the South? This question brings me to our second war: a war full of glory and renown, but the great source, also, of all the tyranny and injustice, and consequent bitterness and discord, which have since afflicted and convulsed our country. What then were the origin and object of that war? It is well known that it was declared to obtain indemnity for commercial spoliations, and security against the odious principle of impressment by which thousands of American citizens had been forced into the service of Great-Britain. For whose benefit was it waged? For ours? No: it was for the 'especial advantage of the North. And yet, who supported it more cordially—who endured its privations more cheerfully—who rejoiced more ardently in the triumphs, or were more grieved at the reverses, of our arms, than the people of the South? Or who, when the Eastern States rose against the government, (insidiously

endeavouring to cripple it even whilst contending with a foreign foe), and the Hartford Convention openly threatened the dissolution of the Union, who then clung more closely to its standard, or more freely flung her treasures at its feet, and sustained its honour with her blood, than that much abused South-Carolina, who now resists it upon the very same principle in relation to herself, upon which she then supported it in relation to Great-Britain? And what is that principle? What but the great principle of unrestricted trade? It was for this that the colonies resisted Britain. It was for this that the Union was formed and the existing government established. It was for this that South-Carolina consented to forego the separate exercise of a portion of her sovereignty—and it is for this that she has now defied the power, and nullified the tyranny, of an arbitrary and interested majority in Congress. Bear with me for a moment, fellow-citizens, upon this distinguishing feature of the State Rights cause! But who can do justice to such a topic, or describe, as he ought, the dignity and utility of untrammelled commerce? Like its own ocean, it is a boundless theme, and the mind whilst it contemplates its blessings, becomes lost in its immensity. Like that element, too, it evidently enters into the general arrangements of Providence for the improvement and happiness of man, and bears the same relation to the moral and intellectual, that the great deep does to the physical structure, of the universe. Why has nature provided this great highway of nations, or endowed man with the power to traverse it with rapidity and safety? Why do oceans roll from shore to shore, but to exhibit the mutual dependence of different regions upon each other, and to invite them to intercourse reciprocally beneficial and improving? What is it but their commercial character that excites veneration for the dead, and admiration for the living, nations of the earth? Whence the regret with which we still think of the destruction of Corinth, but that she was once the com-

mercantile pride of Greece? Or who can reflect on the utter desolation of Tyre, without recalling the period when her "merchants were princes?" Or why is it that we still linger, with Marius, on the ruins of ancient Carthage, but to lament the vast and irreparable injury which the Romans inflicted, through her, upon a large portion of the world? And whence the glory and grandeur of England, but in the vast extension and judicious regulation of her trade? What but that raised Holland, as it did, to naval pre-eminence and overflowing wealth? Or who can look to Portugal now, ground down and debased by tyranny, with contending despots tugging at her heart, the very scorn and pity of the civilized world, and not remember the period when the spirit of commerce had made her, as it were, a queen amongst the nations, and when, with her magnificent empire in the east, she stood unrivalled in commercial greatness? And what are all the wonders of the present age—the prodigious improvements in naval architecture—the stupendous canals of Languedoc, and Ellesmere, and Erie—the roads and tunnels which now pass majestically over mountains, and now penetrate fearfully into the bowels of the earth—and that magic power which rides, like a conqueror in his car, through opposing elements, traversing the ocean and the land with the rapidity of wind, and almost annihilating time and space—what are all these but so many displays of modern ingenuity and intellect for the extension and improvement and security of commerce? And to what more noble object can human genius and power be applied? Who can conceive a more beautiful or animating sight, than the bosom of the ocean bedecked with vessels of the various portions of the globe, proudly careering on its buoyant waves, walking the waters as if inspired with life, flying, like spirits of the deep, from nation to nation and from shore to shore, transporting reciprocally the products and improvements of every clime, imparting lessons of instruction and exchanging messages of peace, and singing as

they fly, like Nereids in their grottoes, or Syrens on their rocks, the happy intercourse of the great family of nations! Who then can too highly estimate the uses, or appreciate the dignity of commerce! Who can calculate the extent to which it has promoted, and is still destined to promote, the advancement of nations, not only in the comforts and luxuries, the arts and elegancies of civilized life, but in science and philosophy, in humanity and virtue? But how much higher does it still rise in our estimation when we regard it, not only as the great common agent of nations for their reciprocal enrichment and improvement, but as a chosen instrument in the hands of God, diffusing, as it goes, the peaceful triumphs of religion? Oh how should we abhor the policy that would cripple or destroy it, when we behold it in this high moral point of view, penetrating the regions of darkness and degradation, erecting the Cross on the ruins of the Crescent, enkindling the light of revelation on the altars of idolatry, arresting the bloody car of Juggernaut, abolishing the inhuman rites of Brahma, planting the standard of Christianity on the Ganges and the Burampooter, on the banks of the Niger and in the isles of Polynesia, and going, in the very spirit of benevolence, from country to country and from clime to clime, enlightening the ignorant, humanizing the barbarous, evangelizing the heathen, and preparing the way for that happy era when there shall be no distinction between Christian, Mahometan, or Pagan, when all the nations of the earth shall be as one people having only one God, and when the pure doctrines of the "Prince of Peace" shall constitute the universal religion of the world! And is it possible that against a system so beautiful and benign, so salutary and important, so elevating and improving, and which may be justly said to be the common agent both of God and man, spreading, wherever it is seen or felt, the richest blessings of heaven and of earth, any civilized government can be found at war in this enlightened age? Yes! to its shame be it

spoken, there is such a government—and, to its still greater shame be it said, it is that very government to which other nations have looked, as to the light of the world, for all that is judicious in legislation, untrammelled in industry, and free and liberal in commerce—the young and *republican*, (I had almost said the *Chinese*) government of these United States!

This war upon our commerce, (as I have already intimated) may be said to have had its inception in our second contest with Great-Britain. During that contest, and the restrictive measures that preceded it, Northern capital had been extensively invested in manufactures, and a new interest was thus created, not only opposed to the foreign commerce of the South, but which could only subsist upon the destruction of its rival. This hostility was first displayed in the celebrated Tariff of 1816. It was then, for the first time, that the odious principle of minimums made its appearance in our financial laws. The people of the South, however, not only did not oppose that Tariff, which was substantially a revenue act and a Tariff of reduction, but cordially assented to such an adjustment of the duties upon certain imports, as to yield moderate protection to the manufactures which had arisen from the war, and which, without such protection, the return of peace would inevitably have destroyed. Little did they imagine, however, that the revenue act of '16 would ever have been made a pretext for the prohibitory Tariff of '28, or that an act of generosity to a Northern interest requiring aid, would have led to a system of legislative pillage which would leave them no alternative but voluntary slavery, or a manly and determined assertion of their rights. Such however has been the fact: and it teaches a lesson whose awful warning should never be forgotten.

It is by no means my intention, however, to trouble you with a regular narration of our controversy with the government. The great question involved—whether the Constitution of the United States is a federative compact.

or a consolidated government—is coeval with that instrument itself. Even in the federal Convention which framed the Constitution, a contest arose between the advocates of a strong central government, and those who insisted on retaining the separate rights and sovereignty of the States. The States Rights party triumphed. Every proposition to invest the government with the power of establishing corporations, of constructing internal improvements and protecting manufactures, and particularly of controlling and coercing the States, was successively and decisively defeated. The State Rights party made a State Rights Constitution—a plain and simple instrument, in which only a few general powers are conferred upon the government, in which all powers not delegated are reserved to the States respectively, and in which the federal government is distinctly constituted as the common and limited agent of the whole, and not as the superior of any. The Constitution, thus constructed upon State Rights principles, was presented to the States as a federative compact: and, as such, it was ratified by the several States, each acting for itself in its own separate Convention, and in its sovereign capacity. The advocates of consolidation, however, though defeated in the Convention, soon obtained by artifice what they had been unable fairly to achieve. The Constitution consists of two classes of powers; those which are specifically enumerated—and a general authority to enact all laws which may be “necessary and proper” for the efficient execution of the specified powers. This was amply sufficient for the supporters of strong government. Did they desire to usurp a power which the Convention had refused, and of which not the shadow of a grant could be found in the Constitution? They had only to consider it as necessarily incidental to the proper discharge of some enumerated power. Thus, though Congress is authorized “to lay and collect taxes,” it was positively forbidden to establish corporations: yet they soon discovered that the incorporation

of a bank was absolutely "necessary and proper" to the collection of the revenue, and, of course, to the efficient exercise of the taxing power. So, also, though Congress was expressly prohibited from constructing works of internal improvement in the States, it was ingeniously perceived that it is authorized to "promote the general welfare;" and that it was, therefore, "necessary and proper" that it should enrich and beautify certain sections of the Union with the money of another. So, also, though Congress was prohibited from protecting manufactures, it was adroitly discovered that it possesses the power "to regulate commerce," and that as the power to regulate *implies* the power to destroy, so it was "necessary and proper" for the regulation of the general commerce of the country that the Tariff of duties should be so arranged as to render the agriculture and commerce of the South totally subservient to the manufactures of the North! And so, again, though the Federal Government is expressly forbidden to coerce a State, yet, as it is made the duty of the President "to execute the laws," our present Chief Magistrate has wisely *implied* and assumed the power to subjugate a member of the Union: and as Congress had grossly violated the Constitution by one act of tyranny, so it has deemed it "necessary and proper" to enforce that act by the perpetration of another still more atrocious and tyrannical. It is impossible, indeed, for any reflecting man to compare the legislation of Congress on these subjects with the provisions of the Constitution, and the proceedings of the federal Convention, without being firmly convinced that the advocates of power, if not manfully arrested in their career of perversion, will succeed, if they have not already succeeded, in overthrowing the simple and beautiful system of our fathers, and in erecting upon its ruins a consolidated despotism.

But let it not be supposed that these successive assumptions of undelegated power have passed without observation or resistance by the State Rights party of the Union.

On the contrary, from the first organization of the government to the present day, they have steadily opposed and earnestly endeavoured to arrest them. This was remarkably the spirit of the old republicans of '98. Even as early as the time of Washington, the right to protect manufactures was artfully inserted in the title of an Act, though there were then no manufactures to protect, and though the Act itself was strictly framed for the purposes of revenue. As the assumption of one doubtful power, however, always leads to the exercise of others, so that declaration of the protective principle was soon followed by other acts of glaring usurpation; and whilst the administration of Washington was marked by the unconstitutional establishment of a national Bank, that of the elder Adams was still more distinguished by the memorable passage of the Alien and Sedition Laws. Under other circumstances, perhaps, I might have deemed it a duty not merely to revive the recollection, but to exhibit the enormities, of that reign of terror!—but, odious and detestable as were those laws, it is perhaps fortunate for the South and for the great cause of freedom, that they were enacted. But for the excitement they produced, and the political illumination that attended it, that great conservative principle of our government (the right of a State to arrest the exercise of undelegated power) might still have remained buried in Cimmerian obscurity. But, thanks to the reign of terror, that great principle was brought to light. Thanks to the tyranny of Adams, and the philosophical intellect of Jefferson, the friends of the Constitution are now perfectly familiar with the “rightful remedy.” The great problem was, how federal usurpation could be effectually counteracted by a State, without involving either physical collision with the government, or a dissolution of the Union. The advocates of power insisted then, as now, that there is no alternative between implicit submission and actual war—that the federal government is the exclusive judge of the extent of the powers intrusted to it—and, carrying the ser-

vile principles of "passive obedience and non-resistance" to their utmost length, they also contended, that it not only has a right to legislate as it pleases, but to coerce the obedience of a State even to an oppressive and unconstitutional act, and that nullification, therefore, must necessarily terminate in anarchy and revolution. But the republicans of that day maintained, on the contrary, that the federal Constitution is a compact, to which the States are parties—that, as in all cases of compact in which there is no common umpire, each party must judge for itself, as well of infractions, as of the mode and measure of redress—and that in every violation of sufficient magnitude to require the interposition of the sovereign power of a State, a nullification of the unconstitutional act is the rightful remedy. These were the principles of Jefferson and Madison. These are the principles which are embodied in those immortal documents—those imperishable monuments of political liberty and wisdom—the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of '98 and '9. It was under this banner that our republican fathers fought, and it was under this that they achieved that memorable and decisive revolution which hurled the elder Adams from the throne, with all the implements and engines of his tyranny, and placed the patriarch of republicanism in the Chair of State. Thus it is that Providence, in its wisdom, educes good from evil. He who peacefully dethroned a Dionysius, has taught us, equally peacefully, to chain the passions and check the fury of a Nero. The blow which was aimed at liberty in '98, disclosed the means of preserving it in '32. The same rightful remedy which consigned the Sedition Act to merited oblivion, has also scattered the Protective System to the winds!

During the administrations of Jefferson and Madison, the government was conducted, as it should have been, not only upon the principles of strict construction, but with an unvarying regard to the equal claims and interests of every section of the Union. But the election of Mr. Monroe came, and with it that most unpardonable

weakness, that overweening desire to conciliate his opponents and to amalgamate parties, which broke down the barriers of political division, and finally led to the overthrow of the very party and their principles by which he himself had been placed in power. It was then that the people of the South began to realize their danger. It was then that manufactures began openly to be protected, and internal improvements to stalk like a giant through the land. Nor did the change of administration produce a change of policy. The principles which he had allowed to creep into the government, were not only sustained by his successor, the younger Adams, but carried by him and his adherents to their most odious extent. Protection was no longer justified as an *incidental*, but was now distinctly asserted, and unblushingly acted on, as a *primary* power of the government. The Tariff of '20 had been raised by an augmentation of duties in '24. That was now succeeded by still more oppressive impositions in '26, and those again were followed by the ever memorable and still more infamous Act of '28—an Act, by which the discriminating system was carried to its height—and by which, in fact, whilst all foreign articles, entering into the commerce or consumption of the North, were either lightly taxed or totally exempted from taxation, every commodity of primary importance to the South, and for which Southern staples are exchanged, was subjected to enormous and prohibitory duties—and that, too, not for the wants of the government or the purposes of revenue, but for the avowed and iniquitous object of sustaining manufactures and constructing internal improvements in the North and the West, by the tributary labour of the South.

But, did the people of the South submit? Did they tamely recognise the right of an interested majority in Congress thus to undermine their properties, and even to reduce them to colonial bondage? No! From every hill and vale, from every town and hamlet, the voice of petition and remonstrance ascended to the capitol. Like our fathers, we appealed to the justice of the government, and

the humanity of our brethren. They were implored by the ties of consanguinity, not to enslave their kindred—by the ties of patriotism, not to destroy the Union. But idle and unavailing were all those efforts. Our petitions were only regarded as evidences of weakness and encouragements to cruelty. Argument was lost upon avarice—monopoly knew no wisdom but its own enrichment—ambition no policy but the increase of its power. Nor was this all. Suffering as we did under the tyranny of Adams, in vain did we look to Jackson for a mitigation of our burdens. In vain did we toil and struggle for his elevation to the presidency. In vain did we succeed in deposing Adams. The shout of victory was soon changed to the bitterness of disappointment—the burst of enthusiasm, to the loathing of disgust. It was soon manifest that the friend we had served had become our foe, that the servant we had honoured aspired to be our master. The disciple of Jefferson transcended Adams both in principle and practice. Then it was that the public mind became thoroughly absorbed with the subject of resistance. Then it was that those masterly essays issued from the press, which shed a flood of light upon the true structure of our complex system. Then it was that our people perceived with triumph that the right, for which they contended, was no visionary speculation, no idle political dream, but that it was coeval with the Constitution, and had been repeatedly practised with success, not only by Virginia and Kentucky, but by Georgia, Massachusetts and Ohio and several other States. Then it was that our State Rights Associations were formed, and our State Rights Conventions held. And then it was, in short, that the Genius of Carolina, planting itself firmly upon the federal Constitution, and holding the Kentucky Resolutions in one hand, and the Palmetto banner in the other, solemnly proclaimed her determination to resist.

And who can doubt, that armed as she was with precedents, and standing as she did not only on the basis of the Constitution, but on the immutable principles of jus-

tice, South-Carolina would have succeeded even then, and without the necessity of a formal nullification of the system, had she been supported, as she should have been, with zeal and unanimity by all her sons. But whilst she was contending with the federal government, she had also to struggle against a formidable domestic opposition. Assailed on one side by her proud oppressors, she was also assailed on the other by many whom she had cherished in her bosom, and who were indebted to her for the very power to assail her. Like a noble vessel, tost by a tempest, she had not only to struggle with the raging elements, but to counteract the unnatural resistance of a large portion of those whose honor and safety were involved in hers, but who perversely determined rather that she should be destroyed than that others should enjoy the credit of having conducted her safely through the dangers that surrounded her. Who has forgotten, or can ever forget, those scenes? What effort was unemployed by our opponents to alarm and horrify the people, or to defeat and disgrace the State Rights Party? What act of political ingenuity was left unused? What essay appeared that did not abound with the bitterest vituperation and invective? What orator spoke who did not denounce the most distinguished members of our party as Catalines, Dantons, and Robespierres, and our State Rights Associations as nurseries of rebellion and Jacobinical Clubs? Or what letter was written to the President, that did not kindly inform him of our treasonable plots, and politely invite him to the gentle exercise of his paternal power? Those tremendous clamours for awhile prevailed. The people bowed at the outcry of "the Union," "the Union," as the Pelusians did to their Egyptian divinities, when they suffered themselves to be conquered by Cambyses without striking a blow, because he had artfully placed cats and crocodiles, and others objects of their veneration, in the front of his army. But the reign of idolatrous devotion to the Union soon subsided. The State Rights Party,

defeated for a moment, *rallied** with Antæan vigour, resumed the contest, and achieved the victory. But although it had now a decided ascendancy both in the city and interior, it was still unable to effect the great object of its efforts. That object was to place the State upon its sovereignty by the call of a Convention. According to the Constitution of South-Carolina, no Convention can be called except by the concurrence of two-thirds of both branches of the Legislature. Under this provision, (of which I am by no means disposed to question the propriety,) the majority were restrained by a minority, who not only hung like an incubus upon the State, poisoning its vitals and paralyzing all its energies, but who openly denied its sovereignty, and threatened physical resistance to its movements. And what were the consequences of this most unnatural opposition? They were precisely such as might have been expected. Division and distraction did their work. Every word they uttered encouraged our oppressors—every movement they made was regarded as an invitation to an augmentation of our burthens—every blow they struck riveted the manacles, and destroyed the hopes, of their native State. Why should Congress have regarded our complaints, when they could never be supported by any thing more powerful? South-Carolina was known to be divided, and therefore was considered as substantially conquered. Our oppressors were not only thoroughly assured that she never could act, because the minority would always be able to prevent her, but that, even if she should, they would have nothing to do, but, like Jason, to throw a stone amongst her armed and hostile parties, who would immediately rise and destroy each other; and that thus, whilst she was falling by the parricidal contentions of her sons, they would step in, like the Argonauts, and

* This alludes to the "Rally Meeting" of the State Rights party, immediately after its defeat, in September, 1830. That meeting saved the cause of the State, (at least in this city,) the party, by being kept firm and unbroken then, having greatly increased, and been uniformly successful since.

secure the prize. And their conduct but too well corresponded with those convictions. Galling as our chain was, it now became still more galling and degrading, and the Act of '28, odious and intolerable as it was, was actually followed by the still more insulting and oppressive Act of '32—an Act of which it is difficult to say whether it was most insidious or cruel, most artful or tyrannical. The *system* had now attained its maximum of iniquity. The veil was now removed entirely from the monster, and it stood revealed in all its hideous deformity. Pelion was piled on Ossa to crush the South to the very depth of degradation. Nor was this all. The system was not only carried to the *Ultima Thule* of inequality and injustice, but our oppressors, haughtily bestriding their fallen victim, tauntingly assured us that its mountain weight should never be removed. The policy was *permanent*: the system was *irrevocable*. But there is a point beyond which moderation ceases to be a virtue, and every patriot feels that “resistance to tyranny is obedience to God.” *The passage of that Act was the triumph of our State.* The moment it was passed, our faithful State Rights delegates, like Regulus when defeated by the Carthaginians, indignantly advised their countrymen to spurn such an offer of peace—such a measure of adjustment. The moment it was received, the people determined to reject it. In vain was it recommended as a compromise—the people well understood that it was a one-sided compromise of which all the benefits would be confined to the North and all the burthens to the South. In vain was it lauded as a generous concession—the Treasury Department had distinctly admitted that it would yield a surplus of six millions to the revenue, and the people of Carolina, ground as they had been for ten long years under the plausible but insidious pretext of the public debt, perfectly comprehended the character of that concession by which, now that the public debt was paid, they were to be subjected forever to a system of taxation, bearing almost exclusively on them, and

of which it was officially acknowledged that at least six millions of the proceeds would not be wanted by the government. In vain was it bolstered by Treasury statements, showing here and there a small reduction on a few protected articles, and conspicuously exhibiting a catalogue of unprotected items totally exempt from duty. In vain was it lauded by its apologists, not only as a most gracious boon, but even as a victory of the free trade principle. The people saw through the deception, and despised the artifice. The spirit of resistance now spread with electrical rapidity from the seaboard to the mountains. Thousands who had lingered to the last, hoping against hope for a satisfactory adjustment of the controversy, were now convinced that all was over, and that they must either sustain the State, or consign her to irremediable ruin. The State Rights Party, strong as it had been, now rapidly increased. A majority of nearly three-fourths was elected to the Legislature.* That body was instantly convened by our late Chief Magistrate. The great question of Convention was finally and triumphantly carried—and in less than four months after the passage of that infamous Act which was to have been fixed upon us and our posterity as “the settled policy of the country,” the people of South-Carolina, in their sovereign capacity, were assembled in Convention.

Here let us pause for a moment, to contemplate this scene. History presents none surpassing it in moral grandeur: not the abolition of royalty by the Roman Senate: not the victory at Runnymede by which Magna Charta was extorted from a vanquished king: not the unconquerable Cato and his little band, proudly resisting

* The elections to the Legislature took place on the second Monday of October, '32. That body met, agreeably to the Proclamation of Governor Hamilton, on the fourth Monday of the same month, and the Bill for the call of a Convention was ratified on the Saturday following (the 26th). The Convention met on the third Monday of November, '32, and the Nullifying Ordinance was ratified on the Saturday preceding the fourth Monday of the same month.

the conqueror to the last, and nobly falling with a falling State: not the Parliament of Ireland, when, with the pervading spirit of Flood and Grattan, it boldly denied the supremacy and defied the power of the Parliament of England: no, nor even our own revolutionary Congress, when they adopted that deed of freedom, in which the American colonies declared their independence of Great-Britain. What indeed can surpass it in all that constitutes moral grandeur: in elevated intellect, and ardent attachment to the great principles of liberty: in purity of motive, and loftiness of purpose? Here we have, not one powerful nation rising indignantly against the assumed supremacy of another; not many colonies, firmly leagued together in a common cause, strongly supported by foreign aid, and possessing in themselves the means of sustaining a protracted war: but a single State of this confederacy, and that amongst the smallest—with no army or navy—with not a single sister State to whom she could look for organized co-operation—with no foreign ally on whom she could depend for succour—yet calmly throwing herself upon her reserved rights—relying upon the justice of her cause, and the aid and countenance of the God of justice—and solemnly resolving to maintain her freedom against the federal government and the whole power of the Union, “peaceably if she could, forcibly if she must”—in her civil tribunals, or on the field of battle. Oh who does not recall with pleasure the animating spectacle of that august assembly? Who does not imagine that he still sees it, as it was, a picture of sublimity—wisdom calmly preparing to meet and to overcome the crisis—wealth ready to sacrifice its treasures at the call of honour—chivalry burning and beaming with generous enthusiasm—and religion planting the standard, and consecrating the cause, of freedom? Who does not imagine that he sees, even now, the venerable WARREN, HAMILTON, and BAKER, coming forth again to water with their blood that tree of liberty for which it had already been profusely shed? Who does

not imagine that he still hears the voice of HAYNE,* “like morning’s music on the air,” impressing the wrongs and indignities inflicted on our State, and the thrilling tone of COLCOCK, as he proudly rose to announce the remedy? Who does not still hear TURNBULL, appealing to the patriotism and enforcing the allegiance of our citizens, and McDUFFIE, pouring forth the soul of Hampden with the eloquence of Henry, in that noble and inspiring sentiment that “South-Carolina would rather be the cemetery of freemen than the habitation of slaves”? Who does not still kindle with emotion at the fervid eye and swelling heart of HAMILTON, when, like the very genius of Carolina, he triumphantly congratulated the Convention that the Ordinance was passed—that the Tariff was nullified? Who does not still hear the burst of irrepressible enthusiasm with which that annunciation was received; and still witness and partake the manly and elevated feeling with which the delegates rushed forward to enroll their names upon that deed of peril—that deed of glory? Is painting requisite to perpetuate this scene? Is art or genius necessary to exalt its character, or to impress us with its grandeur? No: it lives in our memories: it is engraven on our hearts. It not only casts an undying splendour upon South-Carolina, but will long live amongst the brightest pages in the annals of the Union. It is a light and a guide to other States. It has revived the Constitution which was trampled under foot. It has rekindled the flame of Liberty, which was fast expiring. It is a beacon by which the oppressed will be directed to the peaceful preservation of their rights: a lamp from which suffering humanity will relume its hopes. It is the recuperative principle of our government, and it will regenerate the Union. It will lead to a great revolution, by which the

* General Hayne presented the Report of the Committee to which the Tariff acts had been referred. Judge Colcock, the Ordinance of Nullification. Mr. Turnbull, the Address to the People of this State—and Mr. McDuffie the Address to the other States of the Union.

character of our government will be purified, its policy enlightened, and its stability secured. Already that revolution has commenced. It is progressing steadily and firmly, and it will go on spreading and increasing, until every State shall be thoroughly awakened to a knowledge of its rights, and nullification become the prevailing doctrine of the country—a tree of life and safety overshadowing the Union. Yes, fellow-citizens, the day on which our State Convention nullified the Tariff Acts, was a proud day for South-Carolina. It should ever be honoured as the day of her second declaration of independence; for on that day, rising in her might, she struck to the earth the vile system of oppression by which she had so long been degraded and debased, and stood again, before the Union and the world, a free and sovereign State, “redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius” of Nullification!

South-Carolina was now placed upon her sovereignty. The Tariff was nullified, and the Ordinance transmitted to the President, to be by him communicated to the Congress. Immediately upon the adjournment of the Convention, the Legislature of the State again convened; but scarcely had it digested a single measure for the proper enforcement of the Ordinance, when rumours of Presidential vengeance, like the distant murmurs of Mount Jura, announced that a storm was gathering which would soon pour its fury upon the head of Carolina. Nor were those warnings false. Rumour was soon converted to reality, and the low muttering was rapidly succeeded by the vivid flash and the astounding peal. The portentous Proclamation* came—the imperial edict of Andrew Jackson—in which he proclaimed the State as he would a common

* The President's Proclamation was received at Columbia during the session of the Legislature. As soon as received it was taken into consideration, when resolutions strongly denouncing it (submitted by Col. Preston from the Federal Committee) were adopted by very large majorities in both Houses, and Governor Hayne was also instructed to issue a counter-Proclamation. The

malefactor—denied her right either to nullify an unconstitutional act, or to withdraw from the confederacy—denounced the Convention as guilty of usurpation and rebellion—commanded it to reassemble and repeal the Ordinance—and threatened the pains and penalties of treason against all who should dare in any way to aid its execution. But what was the effect of this arbitrary mandate? Did the Legislature shrink from their duties, or pause in their proceedings? Did they humbly confess that they were wrong, and, asking pardon of their “father,” promise, like chastised children, that they would behave better for the future? Did they acknowledge, like loyal subjects, that though they had really believed the President to be only a limited and temporary servant of the States, they were now satisfied that he is really their master, as none but a master would have dared thus to proclaim and command a State, and even to menace it with punishment? Did they humbly acknowledge, that though they had always believed that the State in her sovereign capacity might nullify the usurpations of the federal government, or secede from the Union, they were now perfectly satisfied that these doctrines are erroneous, and that she has no right whatever but to petition and submit? In one word, did they recant their doctrines and retrace their steps, and bowing lowly at the royal throne, recognize the despot as their most gracious liege, and humbly tender him South-Carolina as a jewel for his diadem? Go ask the manufacturers, and they will tell you of the judicial process by which the further collection of the tribute would have been arrested in our limits! Go ask the Union Convention, who sat during the session of the Legislature, and who were expressly deputed to resist and

acts passed in relation to the Ordinance were, the Replevin Bill, giving civil remedies to all who were aggrieved by the operation of the Tariff laws—the Bill prescribing the administration of an oath of allegiance—and the Bill providing for the military organization of the State.

defeat the State, and they will point you to the oath of allegiance or the forfeiture of office! Go ask the President, and he will point you to the military preparations of the State, and the counter-Proclamation of our Governor.

But I have no time to dwell upon these subjects. Events now multiplied daily. The drama was now rapidly drawing to a close, and its incidents increased both in number and in interest. The President had called on Congress for unlimited authority, and Congress had responded to the call. The Force Bill was reported, and every nerve was strained to push it with rapidity through the forms of legislation.

Here let us pause, and reflect a moment upon the situation of the State. To estimate her conduct properly, we must contemplate distinctly the perils that surrounded her. To appreciate her triumph, we must calmly survey the difficulties she encountered, and the power of the enemy with whom she was contending. What then was her situation! It was that of a single State, torn and weakened by domestic discord, yet engaged in a fearful and most unequal conflict with the whole power of the Union. At the period alluded to, the President had not only proclaimed her as guilty of rebellion, but, anxious to refresh his laurels in her blood, he was making rapid and extensive preparations to coerce her to submission. The Palmetto Fort, the scene and instrument of her glory, was now to become the scene and instrument of her humiliation and disgrace. The very guns with which she had vanquished a British fleet, were now pointed, by an American President, against herself. The very waters on which she had humbled the pride of Britain, now teemed with American vessels, ready at a moments warning to commence the work of death and desolation. Such then was the situation of South-Carolina—eminently perilous and difficult—no voice to cheer—no arm to aid—no friend to rescue.

It was a period of intense and general solicitude. Oh how many a heart, that never trembled for itself, now trembled with anxiety for the precious objects of its love! How many a patriot, who never despaired of the republic, was now torn with apprehension for his relatives and friends! How many an anxious mother, as she thought of the dangers that impended, now clasped her infant with eager fondness to her bosom! Perhaps in a few days more the unequal conflict may commence. In a few days more the imperial mandate may be given, and the ministers of Até begin the infernal sacrifice. In a few days more South-Carolina may be contending against the Union, as Athens did against all the States of Greece, and who can tell but the fate of Athens may await her! In a few days more the streets of Charleston may flow with blood—with the unnatural blood of brothers shed by each others hands—perhaps with the still more horrid stream of parricidal guilt. In a few days more this beauteous city, now smiling in the sun as if unconscious of its danger, may be wrapt in flames, and the same sun that rises on its beauties may set upon its ruins. Perhaps in a few days more the dreadful scenes of Hampton may be repeated here, and no sound be heard but the shrieks of innocence, no sight be seen but gasping babes. Perhaps in a few days more another martyr may be added to the honoured name of Hayne, and South-Carolina, like a bereaved mother, may mourn the loss of many of her bravest and her best. Perhaps, in a few months more, she may be overrun and subjugated by the Northern hordes. Perhaps, in a few months more, she may fall from the confederacy, like a Pleiad from the skies, never to shine again in the constellation of the States. Perhaps, in a few months more, she may be degraded from her dignity, held as a conquest, and governed as a province by a Roman Proconsul or an Irish Viceroy. Such may have been the reflections of many a patriot mind. But, did they deter the Whig party from its duty, or drive Carolina from

her course? Did the Whig spirit sink? Did it quail before the Force Bill? No! On the contrary, as the statue of Memnon became more and more vocal, the more it was mutilated and defaced, so the lower the hope of adjustment fell, the higher the spirit of resistance rose. Popular meetings were held throughout the State, denouncing the tyranny of the Executive, and pledging the people to sustain the Ordinance. In every district and parish, Volunteers rushed forward to proffer their services, military corps were organized, and it was soon ascertained that the number of those enrolled even exceeded the aggregate vote of the State Rights Party for the Legislature. And who can doubt, that had the conflict come, South-Carolina would have met it as became her cause? Who doubts, that, whatever might have been the consequences—whether Charleston might have been laid in ashes like Athens or Numantia—whether the American Nero might have fiddled whilst another Rome was burning—she never would have yielded, whilst there remained a patriot heart to beat for her honor, or a patriot hand to strike for her defence? And who knows, notwithstanding the fearful inequality of the parties, but that the issue of her efforts would have been as glorious as her cause was just? Who knows but some second MOULTRIE would have redeemed the honor of the Palmetto fort, not by repulsing a British fleet, but by forcing that fortress from the hands of the invaders, and giving it again to its own Carolina? Who knows but some second CAMPBELL would again have been covered with the laurels of King's Mountain, and that some youthful SUMTER would have reacted the glories of the Hanging Rock? Who can tell how many Washingtons and Pickenses, how many Morgans and Butlers, would have vied with each other in her service,—or how many fields might have revived, and even surpassed the triumphs, of the Eutaw and the Cowpens? Who can tell but that the venerable HAMILTON would have lived o'er again the scenes of his youth in the achievements of his

son, and that the aged copatriot of MARION* might have been recalled to health and strength, by the ardour and devotion of those who bear his honored name? Who can tell, in short, but that as the stripling of Israel defeated his gigantic adversary, so South-Carolina, even in arms, might finally have succeeded in the full attainment of her rights? But hark! what sound is that, which, like the voice of Liberty itself, kindles the eye and animates the bosom of the patriot? What light is that which bursts upon us, like a star, glorious itself, and the harbinger of glory? It is the sound of victory! the light of triumph! Lo! the government recedes—the protective system has begun to fall—the proud oppressor has proposed a compromise. Again that voice is heard! again that light appears! And now, shouts of rejoicing rend the air! The compromise has passed! The protective system is abandoned! Nullification has achieved a glorious and decisive victory! But here, fellow-citizens, whilst we rejoice at an event so honourable to ourselves and so happy for our country, let us not forget the gratitude that is due to Him who holds in his hands the hearts of men and the destinies of nations. True, no visible miracle was interposed between us and our oppressors. No Red Sea opened for us, as for the Israelites of old, nor closed again for the destruction of our Pharoah and his host. No cloud appeared by day, nor pillar of fire by night, to guide us in the contest. No sun stood still on Gibeon, nor moon in the valley of Ajalon. No Gideon overthrew the Midianites with a chosen few, nor were our enemy stricken with blindness like the Syrians, and led in captivity by a single man. But who can doubt that He who gave the victory to Joshua, has given it to us: and that as it was He who inspired our people with the spirit of liberty, and with a fixed determination to regain their rights, so it was He who caused our oppressors to lay their cherished and

* Keating Simons, Esq.

darling system, with all its wealth and splendour, with all its glory and its power, prostrate at our feet? Oh what a victory was that! What a glorious victory of truth, and principle, and justice! But a few months since, and the Protective System, like a mighty colossus, exercised unbounded sway over every portion of our country. It smiled upon the North, and towns and palaces overspread the land—every stream became a Pactolus—every farm a Potosi. It scattered its treasures through the West, and Appian and Flaminian ways attested its magnificence. It waved its iron sceptre o'er the South, and, whilst our commerce and agriculture withered at its touch, it threatened, in a few years more, like the burning breath of the Samiel, or the poisonous blast of the Simoom, to change this fair and prolific region into a dreary and desolate Sahara—making every stream a Tinto—every fertile field a Pontine waste. Unbounded in wealth, what could withstand its popularity: impregnable in power, what could impair its influence? It had but to speak, and hundreds of orators were ready to sustain it in the Senate. It had but to speak, and thousands of subjects were ready to fight its battles in the field. It had but to look, and the republican Jackson bowed and worshipped: it had but to nod, and the hero of New-Orleans felt it his “sacred duty” to collect its tribute by the cannon and the bayonet. It had but to order, and a loyal Congress obeyed its bidding: it had but to command, and the federal Treasury flew open for its use, and the whole army and navy were placed at its disposal! Where, now, is this colossal power? Broken and dethroned: defeated and deserted: none now so poor to do it reverence! Who will dare attempt to raise it from the dust? Who will now dare endeavour to revive it? Who will now dare to violate the compromise, at the certain hazard of a complete and eternal dissolution of the Union? And is not this a victory of which we may be proud? Is it not emphatically the triumph of Nullification? But for the action of South-Carolina,

would any compromise ever have been offered? But for the Ordinance of our State Convention, and the noble manner in which it was supported by our people, would the protective system ever have been relinquished, and the free trade principle established in its stead? Have we not abundant testimony upon this point from all the leading advocates and champions of the 'Tariff'? Did not Mr. Clay, when offering the compromise, candidly acknowledge that the position of South-Carolina impelled him to the overture? Did not Mr. Webster, when supporting the Force Bill, declare that, but for the Carolina Ordinance, no bill of reduction would ever have been presented? Did not Mr. Adams, when urging Congress to military measures, explicitly affirm that the issue was now made up, that the usurpations of our Convention must be put down, and that either the federal government must conquer Carolina, or that South-Carolina would conquer it? *And South-Carolina has conquered!* Every object for which she struggled has been attained; every principle for which she contended has been established. One great object was, to overthrow the principle of protection, and it has been overthrown. Another was, the abolition of minimums and specific duties, and they have been abolished. Another was, the establishment of ad valorem duties, and they have been established. Another was, the limitation of the revenue to the legitimate expenditures of the government, and the government stands pledged, not only that it shall thus be limited, but that, if there should still be a surplus under the present system, even the duties on protected articles shall be reduced below twenty per cent, and that no more money shall be raised than is absolutely necessary for an economical administration of affairs. She asserted the right of a State to nullify unconstitutional acts of Congress, and Congress, by a satisfactory modification of the nullified acts, has virtually admitted the correctness of her doctrine. She maintained that nullification is the conservative principle

of the Union, and it has conserved it. She insisted that whilst it would arrest the usurpations of the federal government, it would leave it perfectly unimpaired in its legitimate action, and we see that its usurpations have been arrested, whilst all its constitutional functions have been carried on with vigour and effect. She insisted that nullification is the only principle by which consolidation and disunion could be equally avoided, and we see that she has not only steered triumphantly through both, but that consolidation has been stricken and impaired on the one hand, whilst the Union has been strengthened and burnished on the other. She maintained that nullification is efficient, and it has proved efficient. She maintained that it is *peaceful*, and it has accomplished, *peacefully*, the greatest revolution recorded in our history! What though the protective system was not instantly demolished—yet, has it not received its death blow? Is it not writhing, like Hercules in the tunic of Nessus, in the agonies of dissolution? Is it not arranged that it shall gradually go down, like an expiring flame, and that when it shall have reached its ultimate period of declension, the free trade system shall spring up on its ruins, like an Arabian Phoenix from its ashes? And is not this enough? Who would wish to have destroyed it sooner? Who desired to involve the rich in embarrassment and the poor in misery? Or who would have had the millions of capital invested in manufactures swept away at once by the sudden influx of foreign goods, the resistless tide of foreign competition? Not I, and I am sure, not you, my friends. We entertain no hostility to the manufacturing interest. The lamentations of the unfortunate would have been no music to our ears—the tears of widows and orphans no pleasure to our eyes. And what though cash duties may be required and the principle of home valuation introduced—is this an adequate reason against the acceptance of the compromise? No: he, who, upon such grounds, would have rejected the adjustment of this great

controversy—an adjustment by which all the objects of the South have been substantially obtained—would find fault with the grand system of the universe itself because of the erratic movement of a comet, or extinguish the light of the sun because of the spots upon its disk. No, fellow-citizens! we have gained a great victory, and, as such, I heartily congratulate you upon the triumph of our principles!

But let us not repose upon our laurels. Although one great battle has been fought and gained, another equally important remains to be achieved! Although one head of the Hydra has been destroyed, the monster not only lives, but is in full vigour and activity. Although the Tariff has been modified, yet the modification has been accompanied by an Act infinitely more offensive and detestable than even the protective system. The government, whilst reluctantly conceding to nullification what it never would have granted to liberality or patriotism, could not perform an act of extorted justice, without an arbitrary assertion of a right to tyrannize. It could not relieve in one point without wounding more deeply in another, nor relax one chain without imposing others still more galling and degrading. Our State Convention* has acted therefore in relation to these matters, precisely in accordance with the prevailing feeling of the people. In the spirit of peace and harmony, it accepted the compromise, offered as an olive branch—and in the spirit of insulted freedom, it nullified the Force Bill, intended as a thunderbolt. But though that act has been nullified, it still remains recorded on the statute book. It is true indeed that it neither

* The Convention reassembled in March of the present year, when two Ordinances were adopted: one repealing the Nullifying Ordinance and the acts of the Legislature connected with it, in consequence of the passage by Congress of the new Tariff act, commonly called the Compromise Bill—and another nullifying the act of Congress, passed at the same time, for the collection of the revenue, commonly called the Force Bill.

has been nor may be executed, and that it is generally regarded as a mere *brutum fulmen*, a mere idle usurpation of authority which will never be enforced. But let us not be lulled into security by this specious pretext. It is the insidious trick of tyranny to lure its victim to the sacrifice. Even if it was an Act only designed to gratify malignity, or to soothe the anger of disappointed avarice, it should still be reprobated and resisted with the deepest indignation and the firmest energy of freemen. But this is not its character. It is, on the contrary, not only a dangerous and palpable violation of the Constitution, but a deliberate assertion of the right of Congress to degrade Carolina to a colony, and to bind her and her people in all cases whatsoever. What are the provisions of this odious Act? Does it not deny the sovereignty of our State, by denying its right to resist oppression? Does it not regard the most solemn Ordinances of the State, in its sovereign capacity, as the unauthorized proceedings of a lawless mob? Does it not degrade the dignity, and destroy the authority, of our State tribunals, by directing cases, involved in our own State laws, to be removed from them to the federal Courts? Does it not exempt federal agents and officers from trial and punishment for certain offences, though committed within our territory, and against our laws? Does it not declare the judgments of our State Courts void, in cases connected with the revenue, and discharge all persons who may be confined by their process? Does it not subject the officers of our State Courts to heavy penalties for executing their decrees, which they are bound to execute by their oaths of office and their duty to the State? Does it not authorize the President to remove our Custom-Houses to forts or frigates, thus giving him power, at his pleasure and discretion, to abolish our ports and destroy our commerce? Does it not give him unlimited command over the federal Treasury, the army and the navy? And above all, does it

not empower him, whenever in his opinion an adequate contingency may require it, to employ the military force of the Union for the murder of our citizens, and, as a necessary consequence, for the regular conquest and subjugation of our State? And is such an Act as this to be endured? Shall we be told that it signifies nothing—that it is a mere dead letter? No: fellow-citizens! What though no regular attempt has yet been made to enforce it—what though no haughty viceroy has actually proclaimed the city or district of Charleston to be in a state of insubordination and disturbance—what though no royal order has yet been issued to disperse our meetings as unlawful, and to dissolve our associations as rebellious—what though no curfew peal has yet struck the knell of death upon our hearts, and no sun has yet blushed, as he set, at the general incarceration of our people—what though no military Courts have yet been organized, nor judicial massacres committed, nor questions of life and liberty actually decided by fire and sword—yet, is not that Act of force? Is it not still unrepealed? Yes, it still stands upon the statute book, and it *must* be overthrown, or the liberties of the South are gone forever! It is the Nemæan lion which is devouring and destroying all around it. It is the wild beast of Erymanthus, sacrificing life and liberty and property. Is it not notorious that, however general in its provisions, it was intended exclusively for South-Carolina? And will South-Carolina submit to an indignity thus pointedly designed for her? No: let our oppressors, if they please, repeat the degrading scene of the Lupercal, and humbly offer a crown to Cæsar! let them agree, if they please, to make the President a despot, and themselves his vassals, provided the whips and the scorpions shall only be applied to their poor persecuted brethren of the South: but let us tell them plainly, that, however they may degrade themselves, they never can debase or enslave Carolina! Slavery exists in the mind and not in the body. He is no slave, however bound

in chains, who still retains the unconquerable spirit of a freeman. GADSDEN never was more free than when immured in the dungeon of a prison-ship, nor LAURENS than when incarcerated in the Tower. And as with individuals, so with States. South-Carolina never was more independent than at this very moment when manacles are fabricated for her freedom, nor was she ever more honoured and respected by her sister States than at this very moment when almost all of them are conspiring to destroy her. The fetter, it is true, is forged—but it is not yet, nor ever will be worn. The law, it is true, is passed—but it is not yet, nor ever shall be executed. Carolina, like Troy, never can be conquered whilst her Palladium is secure: and *her* Palladium is no perishable image, but the exalted attachment and undying devotion of her sons. Who then are the slaves? We, or our oppressors? They who have attempted to degrade us, or we who have spurned and defeated the attempt? They who have shown themselves fit instruments of tyranny, or we who have indignantly refused to receive a master? They who passed the coercion Bill, or we who have nullified it? Retributive justice has done its office. They have drunk themselves the poisoned chalice they prepared for us. The stain they intended for our escutcheon adheres to their own. The fetters they forged for us, they wear themselves. The Algerine Act is of force with them: with us it is not, and never shall be. Let but the slightest attempt be made to enforce that Act, and South-Carolina will resist it, even if she perish in the effort, like Sampson in the house of Dagon, amidst the fragments of the Union!

But, odious as the Force Bill is, it is not only to be opposed because of its own intrinsic demerits, but as constituting the foundation of other legislation still more arbitrary and tyrannical. One act of despotism, unresisted and unredressed, is always made the pretext and justification of another. Congress has usurped the power of coercion in relation to the *Tariff*, and the very fact

of its having so usurped it in regard to that, may be used to justify its extension to other and still more vital matters, to which it may hereafter be applied. In this point of view it becomes our solemn duty never to cease our efforts against the Force Bill, until it is repealed. If Congress has a right to enact that Bill, what measure is there, however outrageous and atrocious, which it may not pass, and enforce by the strong arm of power? As it has already exempted one class of our citizens from the operation of our laws relating to the Tariff, why may it not extend its kindness to another class of our population, and regulate *that* according to its paternal conceptions of democratic equality and justice? If it has a right to undermine our property by iniquitous taxation, why not to take it directly and without compensation? If it has a right to coerce obedience to legislative pillage, why not to abolish all our domestic institutions at a blow, and to compel submission to this new application of its power? Already the omens are alarming. The enemy, defeated on one point, are preparing for another and a more dangerous assault. Already the air is filled with portents and prodigies calculated to arouse us. Already political mischief whets the knife, and the demon of fanaticism lights the torch. And now, fellow-citizens, cast your eyes around, and behold the victim! Ascend some lofty eminence, and survey this beauteous, this lovely, this devoted section of the Union! See its noble mountains, as they emulate the skies—its beautiful and splendid cities, the seats of elegance and learning, of hospitality and virtue—its vales and lawns, soft and delicious as the romantic Tempe—its farms and fields, rich and luxuriant as the gardens of Pomona—and hear the sweet and jocund sound of honest industry and contented labour, as it sings, like a Naiad, on the bosom of its golden streams, or imparts new life and value to the soil, or new vigour and activity to commerce! Yes—there it lies—a lovely victim, adorned with garlands! And is it indeed a victim? Can it be really

true that there is a single being, with the form of man, who would convert this Campania to a wilderness—this earthly paradise to an earthly hell? Can it be true that such a being can be found amongst our own countrymen and brothers? Can there be really a heart—and that in our own country too—which would rejoice to see every southern mountain a Vesuvius, and every town a Herculaneum—or which would, if it could, clothe our fields with desolation, and turn our rivers into blood? Can it be really true that there are men—and in our own country too—who would delight to see every southern city a St. Domingo, and every village a Southampton—and who would exult as they beheld cloud upon cloud, rising and spreading, like a pall, over the blasted hopes and ruined prospects of all this fair and lovely portion of the Union? Genius of Philanthropy! are these thy votaries? Sacred Spirit of Religion! is this thy law of love? God of mercy! are these the offerings, which rise, like sweet smelling savours, to thy throne of grace? Is this language too strong? Do I commit injustice to our Northern brethren by alluding to this topic? Turn your eyes, then, fellow-citizens, to that section of the Union, and say what are the prospects there of continued harmony with us? Is every thing calm and peaceful? Is their language that of friends who feel their happiness involved in ours, or their deportment that of patriots, who see the welfare of the whole confederacy in the tranquillity and prosperity of all its parts? On the contrary, do you not see the torch of Alecto kindled, and altars reared to the Eumenides on almost every hill? Do you not see the spirit of political hostility, flying, like a fury, from city to city and from State to State, proclaiming destruction to our local institutions, and the spirit of fanaticism, redress to the injured and liberty to the captive? What else are the sounds that burst upon your ears, or the insidious movements that offend your sight? Why is it that incendiary missives are daily thrown, like firebrands, into every portion of the South? Why is it that

engines of that description have recently increased, as they have done, both in number and in influence? Why is it that the regular presses of the North, instead of rebuking this foul spirit with merited severity, are themselves discussing the propriety of legislative interference with our rights! Why is it that not only no laws are passed to prevent these outrages, but that associations, otherwise excellent and laudable, have mingled the subject of slavery with questions of morals and religion, and that societies, established for the purpose, have formally adopted and circulated resolutions affirming the propriety and necessity of immediate abolition? Or why is it that we are constantly reminded, as we are, of Southern weakness and of Northern strength—and that as the Northern nations overran the Roman empire, so a similar fate may befall the South, unless it be averted by patience and submission? Let us not be told, then, that there is no danger on this subject. Let us not be told of the opinion of Mr. Webster, who denounced the protective system as unconstitutional and oppressive, and yet, when it became popular in the East, voted to rivet it upon the South by the cannon and the bayonet: and who, even whilst he admits that Congress cannot constitutionally legislate in reference to slavery, fans the flame of mischief by pronouncing it “a great moral and political evil,” implying, of course, that it ought to be removed. Let us not be told that the abolitionists are few and destitute of influence, and that the Northern people generally entertain no feelings or designs unfriendly to our policy or calculated to disturb it. Weak as that party may be thought by those who will not see its strength, it is decidedly stronger now than formerly, and is rapidly extending amongst all classes of society. Petitions are even now preparing for a war, and the worst of all wars, upon the South. The Missouri question may be revived, with renewed strength, and in a more odious form. Our rights and liberties may soon be subjected to a more fiery trial than any they have yet sustained. And is there

no power that can arrest this monster? No reasoning that can convince it of its error? No eloquence that can divert it from its fell resolve? No: Orpheus might lull Cerberus to sleep by the sweetness of his lyre—Jason might charm the dragon that guarded the golden fleece—but there is no power that can avert the spirit of political hatred, embittered and inflamed by all the wild delusions of false benevolence and mistaken duty. Shall we remind our Northern allies of the sacred rights of property? What care they for rights that they deny, or for possessions which they pronounce unlawful? Shall we tell them that the federal constitution prohibits their interference? They know no constitution but the will of the majority. Shall we remind them of our common origin, and of the common toils and glories of our ancestors? What are the ties of consanguinity to the lust of power, or all the endearing associations of humanity to the demon of fanaticism? And what is the true object of all these movements? Are the men who instigate this crusade against the South, really governed by the humanity of Wilberforce? Are they Howards, searching the earth, like angels of mercy, for objects of benevolence? No; the great motive is political ambition: the great purpose, sectional aggrandizement. Were the Southern States entitled to no representation in Congress on account of their slave population, or would they tamely consent to relinquish it, we should hear no more of “this great moral and political evil.” But as they never will abandon that portion of their power, why, the source must be abolished from which it is derived. In addition to this, now that the ‘Tariff’ is disposed of, another subject of excitement must be substituted in its stead. And what more admirably adapted than this to promote the views of a Northern aspirant to the Presidency? What can display a more enlarged and statesmanlike mind than to establish the dominion of the North upon the utter prostration of the South? Or what better calculated to fascinate the fancy of visionary dreamers, who would propagate

their false notions of philanthropy, as the prophet of Mecca did his false religion, by fire and sword? And has it come to this? Are the dearest interests of the South to be forever the sport and plaything of the North? Are our properties and liberties to be made the instruments, not only of sectional power, but even of individual advancement? Are the people of the South destined forever, like Tantalus, to be surrounded with blessings, but not permitted to enjoy them? Or, like Sisyphus, to be continually struggling for their rights, but not suffered to retain them? Well, be it so. But let our oppressors remember, that, however they may vaunt their strength, or emulate, if they please, the enviable character of Huns and Vandals, they will find no feeble Emperor in the South disposed to purchase a dishonorable peace, or a degraded and effeminate race who would prefer the destruction of their rights to the trouble of preserving them. No! The South may be assailed, but never overcome. No people can be enslaved who are not ready for a master. No power can conquer freemen who are determined to continue free. Let but an American Grey propose, or an American Congress enact, a West India Bill for the Southern States—and they will find,—not that the Southern States are colonies—but that this Union is gone. The passage of such an Act as that would ring through the land the funeral knell of the Republic. The President who should sign it would seal its doom for ever. The South, however, is awake upon this subject, and that is sufficient to ensure its safety!

Having thus adverted, fellow-citizens, to the topics appropriately connected with the day, let me now ask your attention to a brief consideration of the various duties which they equally imply and impose—as regards the federal government—as regards our political opponents and our political friends—and, “though last not least,” as regards ourselves and our much injured and beloved State!

What then are our duties to the federal government? They are few and simple. They are, to support the fede-

ral authorities, cordially and sincerely, in every just exercise of delegated power, and to resist with promptitude and perseverance, every violation of the Constitution, every encroachment upon the reserved rights of the States. Who does not love the federal Constitution? Who cannot put his hand upon his heart, and say, with the venerable WARREN, "I am ardently attached to the Union, fairly and honestly administered"? Who does not love *that* flag under which PERRY and McDONOUGH "met the enemy and made them ours," and fervently hope that the sun of this confederacy may never go down in blood? Let us, then, cling to the Constitution as the ark of our safety. Let us cultivate feelings of enlarged patriotism and fraternal concord towards every other section of the Union. Let us do all that we can to promote their welfare, consistently with the Constitution, and with our own essential rights. Let us strictly observe the compact, in its spirit and its purity, towards them, and insist upon its being so observed by them in relation to ourselves. We shall thus enjoy the proud consolation of having discharged our obligations, faithfully and conscientiously, to the Constitution and the Union: and if the melancholy day shall ever come, (which I trust that Heaven may avert) when dire necessity shall compel us to throw off the one, and dissolve the other, we shall at least be able to say with truth, "if Rome must fall, that we are innocent"!

And what should be our conduct to our political opponents? Have they not steadily and vehemently maligned our motives, and resisted all our efforts for the liberation of the State? Are they not, at this very moment, reviling the doctrines of South-Carolina, denying her sovereignty, and offering their vows of fealty to the federal government? Are they not, at this very moment, lauding the principles of the Proclamation, and singing hosannas to the despot who proclaimed their State, and would have sunk her in the ocean? Are they not, at this very moment, justifying and approving the Bloody Bill, exalting Webster and Wilkins,

the coercers of Carolina, to the skies, and shouting I'o Pæans to that hostile force, which was destined, as they thought, to ride in triumph over their humbled brethren and their conquered State? Aye, and not only this, but perhaps, too, they are earnestly endeavouring to discover what has become of the civil war and anarchy they predicted: or how it is that nullification has succeeded, and yet the Union is not dissolved! Or perhaps they are lamenting that the federal government is dishonored, because South-Carolina has regained her freedom! Or perhaps they are discussing that very knotty point, whether a State can be in and out of the Union at the same time, and wondering how South-Carolina has continued in, when they insisted that nullification would have put her out! Or whether the States were ever separately independent, although it is evident that none but separate States could have become united, and although it is well known that the States had adopted separate Constitutions before the present Union was formed! Or whether the States created the Union, or the Union the States, though certainly there could have been no Union without the States, whilst there were, and would have been States, even if no Union had ever been established! Or perhaps they are disputing whether the federal Constitution is a compact, or a government founded on a compact; or, in other words, whether Mr. Webster's reasoning upon that point is a distinction without a difference, or a difference without a distinction; though they well know that there was no compact whatever antecedent to the present! Or perhaps they are taxing their ingenuity to ascertain whether the States ratified the Constitution or acceded to it, though it is manifest that they could not have acceded unless they ratified, nor have ratified without acceding! Or whether a State may peaceably secede, which they always admitted until the Proclamation came, and though they well know that it is a right which has never been surrendered, and which is clearly therefore amongst the reserved powers of the

States! And who knows, in fact, but they may even be investigating that very nice metaphysical, or rather, casuistical question, whether South-Carolina has a right to require an oath of allegiance now, though it is well known that she did impose such an oath upon her citizens even during the revolutionary war: and whether it is not egregious tyranny to exact such an oath of those who have a mortal antipathy to taking it, and thus to test the patriotism and fidelity of those who are exceedingly unwilling that their devotion to Carolina should be tested? Well, fellow-citizens, and what then? Shall we say to them that we are ready to fraternize with them, and that although they have so long opposed the State, and denied her rightful authority over them, yet, like a generous parent, she will again take them to her bosom, upon the first revival of their affection, and the first acknowledgment of their duty and allegiance? Yes: let this be the magnanimous conduct of the State Rights party. "To err is human, to forgive divine." South-Carolina does not desire, like Saturn, the destruction of any portion of her children: and oh, how unnatural must that son be who could wish the destruction of his parent. Let us then say to them in candour—Continue to resist, and you must and will continue to be defeated. Raise the arm of opposition when and where you may, and the arm of the State must and will be raised against it. But cease your unfounded and abortive contention with your brethren—take down a standard vainly and impiously hoisted against your own State and government—and the era of good feelings will return, all divisions will be healed, all animosities buried—and as the sun, when he rises from the chamber of the east, goes forth rejoicing in the brightness of his course, so will South-Carolina, emerging from a long night of bitterness and strife, go forth rejoicing in the happy union of all her sons. Let it be our duty, then, to tender them the olive-branch. Be theirs the patriotism to accept, or the awful responsibility of rejecting it!

And what are our duties to our political friends? Did not Virginia interpose, with the utmost kindness, and with all the weight of her authority, between us and our oppressors? Let us then cherish the remembrance of her good offices with all the gratitude they merit, and, whilst we sincerely sympathize with her in the recent extinction of her brightest light, and in the great calamity which the cause of the Constitution has sustained in the loss of RANDOLPH, let us also rejoice at the favourable auspices she now exhibits, and in the rapid approximation of that glorious day, when nullification will constitute again, as it did in '98, the faith and the pride of the countrymen of JEFFERSON! Did not the whole of the Southern Delegation in Congress unite in resisting the enactment of the Bloody Bill? No, not all: there were some few exceptions *here* and *there*—but whilst we may overlook the exceptions, let us not forget LEWIS and CARSON, MANGUM, TYLER, POINDEXTER, and their generous coadjutors, who strained every effort to avert the blow, and who will assuredly be with us in every succeeding contest! And were there not some Representatives, even from places north of the Potomac, who, rising superior to sectional jealousy, nobly adhered to the true principles of the compact, and refused to arm the dictator with a sword for the purpose of cutting the Gordian knot of the confederacy? Yes: to their honour be it said, there were such men—the virtuous COULTER, (who stood alone against the whole phalanx of the Pennsylvania delegation) and several others, who, having every thing to lose, and nothing to gain, by their disinterested opposition to the Bill, are doubly entitled to our approbation and esteem! And were there not thousands of generous and gallant souls throughout the South who hoisted our standard and espoused our cause, nobly resolving to go with Carolina to the last, to share her triumph, or partake her fall? Yes, there were thousands such. Then let us not only honour them for their chivalry, but take them to our hearts as

friends—as brethren of the same political household—as adopted sons of our beloved Carolina! And how should we feel to those of our own distinguished citizens, to whom we are principally indebted for the victory we celebrate: to CALHOUN, the pilot who weathered the storm—the Palinurus, who safely and skilfully conducted the barque of State through the Scylla and Charybdis of consolidation and disunion—and to all those other able, honest, self-sacrificing patriots, who, like him, have devoted to our rights the best energies of their minds, and the most ardent affections of their hearts? Shall we adopt the suggestion of our paternal President, and discard and distrust them as traitors and demagogues unworthy of our confidence? No: ingratitude is not the sin of our people, however it may be regarded as the general failing of republics. Come, then, and let us sustain and honour those who have nobly sustained and honoured Carolina! Let us crown CALHOUN and McDUFFIE with our choicest wreaths! Let us weave a never fading chaplet for the manly brow of HAMILTON! Let us thank HARPER and MILLER for their ability and energy! Let us thank BARNWELL and DAVIS, EVANS and MARTIN, BUTLER, and SEABROOK, and SMITH, for their intrepid devotion and untiring zeal! Let us thank PRESTON for that electric eloquence which “shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece, to Macedon and Artaxerxes’ throne”—the help, the hope, and the ornament of Carolina—which sustained her in her struggles, and adorns her in her triumph! Let us assure him, who is now the Chief Magistrate* of our State, that the high office which he fills, is by no means commensurate with the exalted estimation in which South-Carolina holds his talents and his services! Let us then say to *him*, and to DEAS, and COLCOCK and the venerable BAKER, Rise, faithful and devoted patriots, rise and receive your country’s thanks! And let us offer to TURNBULL—to TURNBULL did I

* Governor Hayne.

say? Alas, where is he? Why is it that when I would call upon our Brutus, "and bid the father of his country hail! for lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust, and Rome again is free," he is not here to receive the tribute his grateful country has prepared? Why is it that he, who was never absent when duty or danger called, is not here to participate our joy? Why is it that at the mention of his name every bosom swells with emotion, and every cheek turns pale? What mean these signs of woe—this general mourning of our party? And why is it that as I speak of him our victorious banner droops its head, and the genius of Carolina sighs even with the laurel on her brow? Is it indeed true that he is removed forever from amongst us? Is it indeed true that we shall never again behold his manly form, nor listen to the inspiring effusions of his ardent heart? Yes, my friends, death has indeed been amongst us, and, striking at a shining mark, has laid him low who was high amongst the highest, illustrious amongst the most distinguished of our party. Oh Death! couldst thou have selected no other victim? Couldst thou not have spared one who was alike inestimable to his family, to his friends, and to his country? Was there nothing in his eminent usefulness as a citizen, in his Parian purity and integrity as a man, that could stay thy uplifted arm? Nothing in his transcendent powers as an orator, that could charm thee from thy purpose? Nothing in his ardent devotion and lofty spirit as a patriot, that could avert thy fatal stroke? Must genius and learning, and eloquence and wit, and exalted patriotism and unsullied honour, all, all, be taken at a single blow! Alas, it is even so! Nor genius nor learning, nor eloquence nor wit, nor the prayers of his friends nor the tears of his country, have availed to save him. The awful doom has been pronounced: the irreversible fiat has been executed. Our shouts are indeed turned to sorrow, and "the day of our rejoicing to a bitter day." He, who, at our last anniversary, instructed us by his wisdom, and delighted us with his elegance, now lies near us, a lowly tenant of the

silent tomb ; and the garlands with which we had designed to crown him, must now be scattered on his grave. He, who only lived for Carolina, lives for her no more. He, who would cheerfully have died for Carolina, can no longer aid her with his counsel or his arm. Oh well may tyranny exult ! he can no longer blast it by the lightning of his eye ! Well may freedom weep ! his animating voice is hushed forever ! Never again shall we witness the powers of that mighty mind which cheered and invigorated where it shone, and pierced and withered where it struck : which was light and life to the great cause of liberty, and to oppression and usurpation a consuming fire. He is gone forever ! torn from us in the midst of our joy—torn from Carolina even in the arms of victory ! But, grievous as it is to us, perhaps it is best for our departed friend. He has died in his fame and in his glory. He lived to give his country freedom, and now sleeps calmly in her bosom. He lived to break the fetters with which her liberty was manacled, and now he rests from his labours. His work was done—the great object of his heart achieved—why should he longer have remained on earth ? He might have lost : he could not have gained. The crown of his glory was complete : the measure of his fame was full. He has died, identified with all the great principles for which we have contended : identified with the struggles and the triumphs of constitutional liberty. But though dead, he still lives. He lives in his works : those fountains of genius and virtue, from which succeeding generations will drink, as from “the full tide of a patriot’s heart,” pure and inspiring draughts of all that is profound in wisdom, or ardent in eloquence, or generous and exalted in the love of country. He lives in his example : a bright and burning light, which cheered and guided us, and which will long warm the hearts, and enlighten the path, of those who are to follow—of the generous youth of Carolina to whom he always looked as her “security for the future.” He lives in our hearts : those who knew him best, loved and admired him most : for his were in-

deed, “a composition and a form, where every God did seem to set his seal”—a head of genius and a soul of fire—a heart of honour, generosity, and virtue—head, heart, and soul, devoted to his country. Come, then, fellow-citizens, and let us do honour to his memory—not by vain and perishable monuments—not by speaking marble or animated canvass—“the poor and unavailing honours of the dead”—No: let us pay him the only tribute *he* desired: the highest tribute *we* can render. Let us resolve to cherish his principles, and to imitate his conduct. Come, then, let us cluster round his tomb. Let us hear him, entreating and conjuring us to continue true to the cause which he died supporting! And let us vow upon his grave, as on a sacred shrine, that we never will desert it. Yes, illustrious patriot: thy spirit is still amongst us! It gleams in every eye, and burns in every heart. We swear, upon thy grave, *We will be faithful to our country!*

It can scarcely be necessary now to ask, what are our duties to ourselves? What can they be, but to maintain our principles and to preserve our liberty? Our contest is far from being ended. The battles we have fought, are but the preliminaries of others yet to come: the victories we have gained, are but the harbingers, if we continue true to ourselves, of yet brighter honours that await us. And shall we forego those honours? Shall we relax our efforts even at the very moment when every thing conspires to impel us to exertion? Have we conquered once, and shall we now retire forever from the field? Have we met the enemy at Marathon, and shall we avoid him at Plataea? No. Let us write our principles upon our hearts, and resolutely follow wherever they may lead us. Let no difficulty deter, no exertion overcome us. Let the motto of our party be, “Union with Liberty—but at all events, Liberty.” And as South-Carolina has been first and foremost in this great contest for the Constitution, so let us solemnly determine that she shall maintain

that honourable position, whilst there is a chain to break, or an enemy to meet!

And now, fellow-citizens, having discharged the duty assigned me by the respectable Societies by whose appointment I have appeared before you, permit me, in conclusion, to address a few words to that gallant and patriotic band of citizen-soldiers—the State Volunteers! Oh who can hear that name, and not feel his bosom kindle at the sound?—Who can behold them, united like brothers in their country's cause, and not catch a portion of their generous devotion? Spirit of Liberty, touch my lips with your own holy fire, that I may address them as I ought! Volunteers! how pure and delightful must be your feelings: how elevated the reflections that now occupy your minds! Cherishing the principles of your fathers, you have nobly acted as became their sons: and having done your duty to your country, you now enjoy, in peace and in triumph, the rewards most precious to a patriot's heart—your own approbation, and your country's thanks! When South-Carolina was proclaimed, you did not laud the arbitrary deed that doomed her to destruction. When her soil was polluted by a hostile force, you did not consider it tyrannical to be called upon to serve her. No! From the very commencement of the contest, you have been true to her, and to the great cause of freedom. In no hour, however dark, did your patriotism glimmer: under no circumstances, however perilous, did your zeal abate or your fidelity diminish. She spoke of her wrongs, and you determined to redress them. She spoke of her rights, and your swords leapt from their scabbards to maintain them. She called upon her sons, and with Roman promptness you obeyed the call. She unfurled her standard, and with Roman enthusiasm you vied with each other in supporting it. The tyrant threatened; you despised his menace. The enemy came; you were ready to repel him. Yes, Volunteers, you have saved the State. Your firmness and constancy have given

us the victory. The doctrine of Nullification, once the theme of ridicule, is now the theme of praise. The State of South-Carolina, lately so fettered and degraded, is now honoured and respected, and, in saving her, you have saved the Constitution and the Union. Go on, then, in your honourable and elevated course. Full of difficulties as it may be, it is full of glory: rugged as it may be, it is still strewn with flowers, and the summit, when gained, is permanent security and happiness. Cultivate, then, the noble sentiments that now actuate your hearts. Cherish, with vestal vigilance, the sacred flame that now animates your bosoms. Resolve to preserve unsullied the principles of your party, and the honour of your name. It is a name of honour: the proudest title you can bear: the richest legacy you can bequeath your children. Let it never be tarnished or surrendered. You have already done much, but vainly, if you do no more. The tide of oppression has been driven back, but again it rises, and again its proud waves must be rolled back upon their source. Remember that the question is emphatically between Slavery and Liberty! And what is slavery? The canker of the soul—the grave of genius and of every noble feeling—to be called a freeman, yet know that you are not free—to speak of your property, yet know that you are not suffered to enjoy its fruits—to speak of your rights, yet know that you have none worth naming, and that you only dare to speak of *them* by the forbearance of a master—to relinquish your judgment, and violate your conscience, at the bidding of a tyrant—to look at the sun, and feel rebuked by his brightness—to look at the heavens, and see them blush for your degradation—to look at your mountains, towering in grandeur, and feel that you crawl, as a worm, upon the earth—this is slavery. Oh, then, who would be a slave? And what is liberty? To walk the earth in all the conscious dignity of nature—to know that no vile chain degrades your body or pollutes your soul—to speak of your property, and know that it pays

no servile tribute to another—to speak of your freedom, and know that you possess it in reality—to look at the sun, and know that he shines on no one whom you acknowledge as a master—to look at your mountains, and feel that your spirit is as lofty as themselves, and as free and unshackled as the breeze upon their summits—to bow to no idol—to wear no livery—to disdain to surrender your honest convictions at the bidding of a mere man, or to worship a creature no wiser or better than yourself—in one word, to know that you are a man WITH ALL THE RIGHTS OF MAN, and that you are determined to maintain those rights—this is liberty! And oh, then, who would not be a freeman? On, then, Volunteers; let your word be, Onward. Vow here, in the presence of your country, as Hannibal did upon the altar, eternal resistance to oppression, eternal enmity to tyranny. Do they still cry, he comes! Unfurl that beauteous banner* given you by the State as an expression of its gratitude, and, like the animating vision of Constantine, it will lead you triumphantly to victory and honour. Let your war-cry be—*Down with the Proclamation: down with the Force Bill: down with tyranny.* Let every individual act as if the welfare of his country was his own personal concern. Let there be no rivalry or jealousy, but that generous emulation who shall love Carolina most and serve her best. Let every one feel that the honour of our State is his honour, and that her humiliation would be his disgrace: and let us all be governed, in all our thoughts and actions, by this most impressive and important truth, that “IF LIBERTY BE SAVED, EVERY THING IS SAVED—BUT IF LIBERTY BE LOST, THEN ALL IS LOST.”

* The Standard presented to the Volunteers by his Excellency the Governor, in the name of the State, in April last.